

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1850.

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TERMS:

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1850.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, August 6.

The Senate will meet to-day, with an anxious disposition to pass some bill fixing the Texas boundary, or providing for its adjustment. Mr. Foote is to bring forward a bill combining the above object with the establishment of a territorial government for New Mexico.

Mr. Poore will introduce a different bill, not having in view the same objects. Neither of these will succeed. Mr. Rusk has expressed a decided opposition to the combination of the Texas question with any other bill. It is very important that whatever bill respecting the boundary may pass shall have the votes of the two Texas Senators, by which it will be recommended to the State of Texas. The Texas Senators are willing to vote for a bill making a proposition of a certain boundary with an offer of remuneration for the relinquishment of a portion of the territory.

A bill of this sort is to be brought in by Mr. Clarke, or some Northern Senator who voted against the omnibus. This proposition is to commence the Northern line at the Eastern border, and run it West on the parallel of thirty-three, then South to the parallel of thirty-two, thence West to the Rio Grande, with a compensation of ten millions. I should think this might pass in a separate bill.

Another bill to establish a territorial government for New Mexico assuming the above line, and the act to take effect on a given day, say the third of March next, will then be very likely to pass, though not with the aid of the Texas Senators.

The California bill will be deferred should it be found possible to act on these bills, and send them to the other House in advance of the California bill.

It will be attempted in both Houses to restrict the boundary of California to thirty-five thirty. I do not think it will succeed. Many of the Southern men are indifferent to it, because, as they say, it will establish another free State on the Pacific.

There is still an attempt to be made to revive the Wilmot Proviso in the House. If it succeeds, the territorial bills will fail between the two Houses.

The weather is cool and wet, and far from being pleasant or healthy. The dysentery prevails to some extent. The cholera is marching down the Cumberland road, having appeared at Uniontown. It seems to have passed over Cumberland and struck upon Harper's Ferry. The amount of U. S. Stock transferred to foreigners, since the books were reopened, on the 1st July, is \$460,000. There is a large amount of funds in the Treasury now applicable to the purchase of the stock redeemable in 1857. The proceeds of the lands were pledged for that loan.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Thomas L. Crittenden, of Kentucky, to be consul of the United States for the port of Liverpool, in England.

Henry Boyce, of Louisiana, to be Judge of the District Court of the United States for the western district of Louisiana.

Edmund M. Evans, to be Secretary to sign, in the name of the President, all patents for lands sold or granted under the authority of the United States.

The Hon. R. B. Russell. "It may not be known," says the Mobile Herald and Tribune, "that this gentleman is descended, on the paternal side, from an ancestor of the late John Quincy Adams, on the maternal side. A correspondent informs us that the family name of Mr. Rhett is Smith, and that the mother of Mr. Adams bore the same name. Two brothers emigrated to the United States. The one fixed his abode in Massachusetts, the other in South Carolina. These were the ancestors of Messrs. Adams and Rhett."

THE KNOXVILLE REGISTER.

The Knoxville Register, after discovering that all its efforts to defeat the Railroad were about to prove vain and futile, has at length hopped down from the stool of its dignity, where it has been perched for the last twelve months, and turned its attention to the Editor of the Post. To this we can have no serious objection, nor will the readers of the Register, we presume, as the subject is probably as interesting as most which have recently occupied its columns.

Whatever our ambition may have been in regard to this railroad business, it certainly never led us to hope for the importance of figuring so conspicuously in a leading article of that time honored sheet, and the devoting of a whole column and a half to one of the "small fry editors," as the Register sometimes styles its contemporaries when it designs to be crushingly severe, displays a degree of condescension quite overwhelming. It might suit our inclinations, but would not serve the interests we have in view, to indulge in a controversy of a personal character at this time, and we therefore design to be very respectful in what we say—we intend to touch the heads of the Register very gingerly—in fact, to handle them with as much tenderness and caution as we would a couple of stale eggs, as we would not for the world have them break while passing under our hands. And there are good reasons why we should be respectful in this case, the chief of which is the age of that paper. Old age ought to command respect, and the Register has reached that period of its existence which verges towards decrepitude. It is true, it has recently been united to some very youthful writers, but the rapidity and sterility of the junior members of the alliance has proved too much for the wisdom and experience of years, and the union, like most ill-assorted matches, has thus far been productive of little else than abortions.

The Register's article in relation to ourselves is rather fanciful than otherwise, and from a certain peculiarity of style, easy flow of language, purity of diction, and other unmistakable evidences of a classical education on the part of the writer, if it would not be an act of discourtesy to Mr. McKee, (for whom we cherish a very genuine regard) we should be tempted to say that it was the production of an esteemed friend of ours, who a few years since occupied the position of "President of the Catechism Club," and flattered away the better portion of his brains in writing dissertations on the most approved method of flea catching. It reads very much like he had something to do with it—but we doubtless are mistaken, and we beg the gentleman's pardon, and the editor's too.

The article under consideration is made up of choice epithets and select phraseology, as to wit: "Silly humor," "looming malice," "ill temper," "sapient editor," "our contemporary," "what condescension!" "Duff Green," "Athens Post," "fishy humor," "pickaxe," "spade and shovel," "pores of the soul," "sluices of genius," "big Indian," "ring through the snout," "little boy," and other like terms, presenting an array of racy originality altogether inimitable, and which doubtless flowed from the writer's brain without any effort and danced off from the nib of his chaste and classic pen with all the ease, grace and agility of fleas from the head of a drowning sheep.

We shall only notice the more striking points.

The writer commences by alluding to our article of the 2d inst., and says: "This article is denuded of that silly humor which usually characterizes the editorials of the Post."

We will remark here, in passing, for the benefit of those of our readers who may not happen to have a copy of the Dictionary within reach, that denuded means, simply, to strip. The last Register affords ample evidence that our article not only stripped the covering from its back, but touched it in its tenderest place! Judging from the article before us, when we doiled our "silly humor" the Register put them on. But there is nothing strange in that, as we believe he has before manifested a willingness to be content with cast off or second hand articles.

The next item is as follows:

"The Editor of the Athens Post has very lately played a very conspicuous part in one of the most ridiculous farces that has ever been enacted in East Tennessee."

That "farce" was trying to build the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad. The only thing farcical in the whole business that we can find on the record is a proposition from a certain gentleman at Knoxville for an agency to go round and solicit subscriptions for stock. A "farce" we believe is a sort of play which has a very ludicrous termination; and this has been the Register's hope in regard to the Railroad. That enterprise however is about to succeed, and the "farce" is terminating in the ridicule and mortification of its opposers. No won-

der the Register is so sensitive on the subject at this particular time.

Next comes item number 3:

"While the play was proceeding this sapient Editor strutted the stage with all the gravity, importance and affected wisdom of a Chinese Mandarin."

As it has been some years since we were in China, we don't remember exactly how the Mandarins acted or how much gravity and wisdom they affected, but as well as we recollect they are little fellows who stand in certain positions, bobbing their nodules to whoever may pass them, and who expect to be bobbed in return. The only specimen of the kind we have ever seen in East Tennessee, was a little chap about Knoxville in 1847, who used to promenade the streets with all the dignity of a duck in a Hessian boot, bobbing his head to every one he met, with the hope of bowing himself into a seat in the Legislature, but as his condescension was the only capital he could start, the effort turned out to be about as fruitless as his more recent ones to break down the railroad.

Item 4 is as follows:

"The editor of the Post has written himself down an ass."

There is a forcible originality and point about that passage utterly impossible to get over or round. A little further on we find a very scathing attack upon poor Duff Green. If it should ever come under his notice we have no doubt he will feel much like seeking refuge among the cypress knees of the Okafanoke swamps, or some other out of the way place beyond the reach of the Register's arrows.

Next follows what purports to be a weekly bulletin, from the files of the Post, chronicling the movements of Duff Green, and in which "money" and the "Knoxville Register" figure largest, and which is the best part of the Register's article. He will doubtless be astonished at our boldness and candor; but it is part of our present business to astonish him. We plead guilty to the charge of having practiced a little chicanery in the connection alluded to. We don't approve, in a general way, of the principle that "the end justifies the means"; it is not in accordance with sound morality, but then it is fashionable, in politics, every day transactions, and pecuniary matters, and as the Register has had some little experience in deceit, it ought not to complain. For some time before the contract was made with Gen. Green, the railroad had been dead, dead—dead as dead as anything well could be—in fact almost as dead as our Knoxville friend was at the close of the last canvass—and the present editors of the Register were calling up the mourners, and with tears of hypocrisy in their eyes, were trying to preach its funeral sermon. It must be remembered that notwithstanding the gentlemen alluded to now declare their opposition was not to the road, not to the Directory, but to Green and his contract, yet they commenced their system of opposition long before any one had heard of Green as a contractor. We say the enterprise was dead, and the present editors of the Register were belaboring the carcass with their ponderous club. (By the way, the Register is becoming somewhat famous for that sort of valor which prompted the jackass to pluck dead lions by the beard.) Excitement was necessary to infuse new life into the enterprise. Gen. Green was some in that line, and we suspect that he helped him considerably—we did it, too, at our own instance, and nobody else's. The result of that course is before the public. Had any other been pursued, we are confident the enterprise would now be in the precise condition in which the Register has labored so industriously to place it—buried so deep that the hand of resurrection could not reach it. We have here set the Register an example of candor which it would do well to imitate. It is certainly more honorable to confess the "soft impeachment" than to attempt to tie out of it, as has been the practice of that paper in regard to its own course on the railroad.

The next item reads as follows:

"When the magnificent Railroad contractor would finally reach home, the Editor of the Post would whoop and shout after him through the columns of his paper, with a good deal of the same feeling that a school-boy follows through the streets a big Indian, pigmired with paint, a ring through his nose, parrot feathers in his head, and all the other gewgaws with which the savage loves to adorn himself, imagining that he deserves a reflected importance from his proximity to the big man that is being exhibited as a grand spectacle."

We believe we will let our readers have that paragraph without comment.

The Register next complains that, after Duff Green had relinquished his contract we did not denounce him. The Register denounced him while he held on to it, and he wanted us to denounce him for giving it up. Such a course on our part would have been nuts for the Register; but he didn't get to crack them.

The next paragraph reads—

"We had no desire to refresh the recollection of the Editor of the Post with the

ridiculous figure he had heretofore cut upon the subject of the road. But he has forced the necessity upon us."

There was no necessity for any apology—you have gratified your feelings in attacking the railroad interests whenever you saw a chance to inflict an injury, and we have done our duty and gratified ours in exposing your duplicity and want of sincerity; and that's all about it. You can't hurt us no matter how much you may try—we love you both too well to think of saying even an unkind word to you.

We had marked some other items in the Register's article for comment. But want of space compels us to pass them.

The Register charges us with wilfully misrepresenting its course in regard to the railroad. That's not true, sir. If we have committed an error in regard to your true position, nine-tenths of your readers have been guilty of the same error, and we advise you to rectify your files before making that charge again. The whining about wanting to see their "paper crushed" is all stuff, as far as we are concerned—we wouldn't injure a hair of its venerable head if we could.

The last, if not the most interesting, paragraph which the Register has is as follows:

"The foregoing article, though applied directly to the Athens Post, is equally applicable to a still smaller fry of Editors who have yelped in precisely the same trail, and attempted to humbug in the same way, as the Editor of the Athens Post."

Only think of that—the compliment is too much for our modesty. After trying its "level best" to make the Post cut the most ridiculous figure imaginable in this Railroad business, it says in effect in the above paragraph:

"Now, Sam, we have raked you down pretty considerably—you have acted badly—very badly—in crossing our path at every turn, exposing our object, and preventing us from accomplishing it, but after all is said and done, I've perhaps—but perhaps you don't—your date is a 'small fry editor'—and when a self of our disproporportioned dimensions have our ought to hold your peace, but you are not half as mean and comfortable as some other who have been yelping in the same trail."

If we felt bad when we read that paragraph how must the editors of the Wing and Pelican feel!

In conclusion, we must claim the indulgence of our readers for taking up so much of our paper in noticing an article solely personal to oneself. But it is so seldom that we trespass upon their patience in that way, we think they will pardon us. We have avoided every thing like personalities, and we place the article in that part of our paper usually devoted to light subjects.

FROM FORT LARAMIE.—We have been shown a letter from an officer of the Army, dated Fort Laramie, June 20, 1850, from which we are privileged to make the following extracts respecting the emigration to California:

"To form any correct conception of the emigration to California, across the prairies, it is necessary to be on the ground. History presents no parallel. Thirty-five thousand persons have already passed this point, and there are some ten thousand still behind. The number of wagons is somewhere near eight thousand. The cholera has made its appearance, and two hundred have been buried. This is no great mortality, taking into consideration the utter destitution of many, the want of prairie knowledge, &c. &c. The amount of rascality on the road is almost beyond belief; there is hardly a crime that has not been perpetrated, from murder down. * * * Fort Hall has been abandoned, and the garrison sent into California."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune intimates that Mr. Ewing will probably be removed from the office of Commissioner of Patents, and that Dr. Lee, of Georgia, the well known agriculturist, and a man with whom practice is of at least equal weight with theory, will be appointed to the vacant office.

In addition to other liberal contributions made to the sufferers by the recent extensive fire in Philadelphia, we observe that the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of Pennsylvania, has made an appropriation of \$800 in aid of the members of the Order who were amongst the sufferers. This fund, it is stated, will be largely increased by appropriations from Subordinate Lodges, probably to the amount of five or six thousand dollars.

CINCINNATI, August 1.

The reports from along the river towards an alarming account of the spread of the cholera, but it is abating here. The Board of Health report for the twenty-four hours ending last evening, 43 deaths, 8 being from cholera and 35 from other diseases.

It is intimated the quantity of paint used daily by the ladies of Boston, would, if rightly applied, be sufficient to paint a middling sized cottage.

MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.

The great length of Mr. Clay's masterly speech, delivered in the Senate on the 22d ult., debars us the satisfaction of spreading it in full before our readers; yet we cannot forego publishing the concluding portion, which, as an appeal to every lover of his country and friend of the Union, exceeds any thing of the kind we have seen. The following is the portion to which we refer:

Mr. President, I wish I had the physical power to give utterance to many, many ideas which I still have;—but I have it not. I must hasten towards a conclusion. The responsibility of this great measure passes from the hands of the Committee, and from my hands. It is an awful and tremendous responsibility. I hope that you will meet it with a just conception and a true appreciation of its magnitude, and the magnitude of the consequences which may ensue from your decision, one way or the other. The alternatives, I fear, which the measures presents, are fearful and increased discord, a serious civil war, originating in its course on the lower Rio Grande, and terminating, possibly, in its consequences, with the upper Rio Grande in the Santa Fe country; the restoration of harmony and fraternal kindness.

I believe, from the bottom of my soul, that the measure is the reunion of Union. I believe it is the dove of peace which, taking its aerial flight from the dome of the Capitol, carries the glad tidings of assured peace and restored harmony to all the remotest extremities of this distracted land. I believe that it will be attended with all those beneficial effects. And now let us discard all resentment, all passions, all petty jealousies, all personal desires, all love of place, all homage after the gilded crumbs which fall from the table of power; let us forget popular fears from which we quaver in our seats, and let us rise to the lofty fountain of unadulterated patriotism, and performing a solemn inspiration, return dressed of all selfish, sinister and sordid infirmities, and think alone of our God, our country, our consciences, and our glorious Union, that Union without which we shall be torn into hostile fragments, and, sooner or later, become the victims of military despotism or foreign domination.

Mr. President, what is an individual man, an atom almost invisible without a magnifying glass—a mere speck upon the surface of the immense universe—not a second in time, compared to the immeasurable, never-beginning and never-ending eternity—a drop of water in the great deep which evaporates and is borne off by the winds—a grain of sand, which is soon gathered in the dust from which we spring? Shall a being so small, so petty, so fleeting, so evanescent, oppose itself to the onward march of a great nation, to subvert for ages and ages to come, to oppose itself to that long line of posterity, which issuing from our loins, will endure during the existence of the world. Forbid it, God! let us look at our country and our country, elevate our lives to the dignity of pure and disinterested patriots, of wise and enlightened statesmen, and save our country from all impending danger. What, if in the march of this nation to greatness and power, we should be buried beneath the wheels that propel it onward? What are we, what is any man worth, who is not ready and willing to sacrifice himself for the benefit of his country, when it is necessary? Now Mr. President, allow me to make a short appeal to some Senators, to the whole of the Senate. There is my friend from Virginia, (Mr. Mason) of whom I have never been without hopes.

I have thought of the Revolutionary blood of George Mason which flows in his veins, of the blood of his own father, of his own accomplished father, my friend and enriched friend for many years; can he, knowing, as I think he must know, the wishes of the people of his own State—can he, with the knowledge he possesses of the public sentiment there, and of the high obligations cast upon him by his noble ancestry—can he hazard Virginia's greatest and most glorious work, that work at least which she, perhaps more than any other State, contributed her moral and political power to erect—can he put at hazard this noble Union with all its beneficent effects and consequences, in the pursuit of abstract and metaphysical theories—abjects unattainable or impossible in their nature—with all that honor of our own native State which I reverence and respect with as much devotion as he does? While the honor of that State and the honor of the South are preserved unimpaired by this measure, I appeal, sir, to the Senators from Rhode Island and from Delaware, my friends, which have stood by me, and by which I have stood in all the vicissitudes of my political life, two glorious, patriotic little States, which if there is to be a breaking up of the waters of this Union, will be swallowed up in the common deluge, and left without support. Will they hazard that Union which is their strength, their power, and their greatness?

Let such an event as I have alluded to occur, and where will be the sovereign power of Delaware and Rhode Island? If this Union shall become separated, new Unions, new confederacies will arise; and I hope there is no one in the Senate before whose imagination is flitting the idea of a great Southern Confederacy, to take possession of the Balize, and the mouth of the Mississippi. I say in my place, never! never! Never will we, who occupy the head waters of the Mississippi, consent that any foreign flag shall float at the Balize, or upon the turrets of the Crescent City. Never! never! I call upon the South, since we have had hard words, bitter words, bitter thoughts, unpleasant feelings towards each other, in the progress of this great measure, let us forget them. Let us sacrifice these feelings. Let us go the altar of our country and swear the oath that was taken of old, that we will stand by her; that we will support her; that we will preserve her Constitution; that we will preserve her Union; and that we will carry

this great, comprehensive, healing system of measures, which will wash all the jarring elements and bring peace and tranquility to our homes. Let me, Mr. President, in conclusion say, that the most disastrous consequences would occur, in my opinion, were we to go home, doing nothing to satisfy and tranquilize the country upon these great questions. What will be the judgment of that portion of mankind who are looking upon the progress of this self government, as being that which holds out the highest hopes and expectations of ameliorating the condition of mankind?—What will their judgment be? Will not all the monarchs of the old world pronounce our glorious Republic a disgraceful failure? What will be the judgment of your constituents, when we return to them and they ask us how have you left your country? Is all quiet—all happy?—are all the seeds of distraction and disunion crushed and dissipated? And, sir, when you come into the bosom of your family; when you come to converse with the partner of your fortunes, of your happiness, and of your sorrows; and when in the midst of the common offspring of both of you, she asks you—is there any danger of civil war? Is there any danger of the torch being applied to any portion of the country? Have you settled the questions which you have been so long discussing and debating upon at Washington? Is all peace and all quiet? What response, Mr. President, can you make to that wife of your choice, and those children with whom you have been blessed by God?

Will you go home and leave all in disorder and confusion, all unsettled, all open? The contentions and agitation of the past will be increased and augmented by the agitation resulting from neglect to decide them. Sir, we shall stand condemned in our own consciences, by our own constituents, by our own country. The measure may be defeated. I have been aware that its passage for many days was not absolutely certain. From the first to the last, I hoped and believed it would pass, because from the first to the last, I believed it was founded in the principle of just and righteous concession—of mutual concession. I believe that it deals unjustly with no part of the Republic that it saves its honor, and as far as it is dependent upon Congress, saves the interest of all quarters of the country. But, sir, I have known that the decision of its fate depended upon four or five votes in the Senate of the United States, and upon whose ultimate judgment we could not count, upon the one side or the other, with absolute certainty. Its fate is now committed to the hands of the Senate, and to those five or six votes to which I have referred. It may be defeated. It is possible that, for the chastisement of our sins or transgressions, the rod of Providence may be still applied to us—may be still suspended over us. But if defeated, it will be a triumph of ultraism and impracticability; a triumph of a most extraordinary confidence in extremes; a victory won by abolitionism—achieved by free soilism—the victory of discord and agitation over peace and tranquility; and I pray Almighty God that it may not, in consequence of this inauspicious result, lead to the most unhappy and disastrous consequences to our beloved country. (Applause.)

How PRINTERS ARE CHEATED.—The New Hampshire State Patriot says, that it has 4,800 subscribers, and thinks that it has the best paying list of any political paper in the country, yet 700 owe for three years, 400 for five years, and 1000 for one year, making the aggregate due the office \$16,000, for their paper, time and labor. This is the fashion with which printers are cheated.—The National Intelligencer is said to have over \$400,000 due that concern from its subscribers. It shows how many fortunes are fleeced out of the profession. This proves how necessary it is, that every person knowing himself to be indebted to the publisher of a paper, should remit the sum, no matter how small it is. The aggregate of these small sums is all important to the printer.

DISOLUTION.—Mr. Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, is reported by a correspondent of the New York express, to have used the following emphatic language in reply to some remarks of Mr. Meade:

"Disolve, I suppose you mean, secede from the Union. For Heaven's sake, Meade, never use the expression again as long as you live. I'm sick of it, disgusted with it. It's such a stupid humbug, it may do for outsiders—but no man in his senses should think of it in any case. There isn't a man in Kentucky who'll allow you to talk to him about it. He'd strike it as an insult. Dissolution, then—it don't mention it."

There are said to be in New Orleans twenty-three hundred drinking houses.—Were they placed side by side, they would extend 13 miles! The annual amount of money expended in that city, for intoxicating drinks, is estimated at \$12,000,000!

Goon.—In Lowell, Ill., a happy couple were recently married, and in the evening the rowdies of the neighborhood collected and cheered the party, firing guns, pistols, and making all manner of hideous sounds; at length cake was handed round to the outsiders, each cake containing a portion of tartar emetic. The consequence was that the music of sheep and cow bells was soon changed for what can be better imagined than described.